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A N
HEROICK POEM
O N H E R
H I G H N E S S
T H E
L A D Y A N N S

Voyage into

S C O T L A N D :

With a little Digression upon the Times.

18. July. 1661.

I Ngrateful *England*, curst to that Degree,
Fam'd for Rebellion and Inconstancy;
All thy Possessions and Enjoyments spring
From Monarch's Cares, yet thou'lt obey no King;
To whose vain Humour Nothing is Delight,
Nor Rain nor Sun-shine er'e can happen right;
False and unworthy to obtain alone
The greatest Blessing of the mildest Throne;
Yet, being richer than I can express,
Art justly punisht with Unhappiness;
What thou art envy'd for, and all adore,
Thou throw'st away, and to thy self art poor,
And like the Miser that abounds in Bags,
Wallow'st in Wealth, yet lov'st to go in Rags.

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The stubborn Jews their Monarchs still adord,
 They begg'd a King, and then obey'd their Lord;
 But stiff-Neck'd *England*, just from Slavery sav'd,
 Forgets and longs again to be enslav'd.
 Can Rebels ever be with Scepters aw'd,
 Rebels that once did Sacrifice their God.
 True Heirs in Malice to the Fiends of Hell,
 Which first they practic'd when from Heav'n they fell, }
 And ever since taught Traytors to rebell.
 And now lest they should fail to reach him there,
 They stab him in his own Vice-Gerent here;
 For tho' they do it through a Monarchs Name,
 The Majesty of Heaven is still their Aim,
 Is it thy Nature or thy Planet's spite,
 Still to what's present to be ppposite?
 Wretched be then with vain Mistrust and Fear, }
 Banisht the sight of the most Godlike Paire,
 And the bright Daughter of his Highness here;
 The Winds and Seas will far more faithful be,
 And Rocks and Quick-sands teach Men Loyalty.
 Old *Albany* they now alone shall grace,
Scotland, whence sprung th' Imperial *Stewart's* Race;
Scotland that boasts a mighty Duke and Name
 Further than *Parthia* great *Arfaces* Fame.

PRepare you Heavens, disclose your brightest Ray,
 All Day your Marble, Night your Milkie Way;
Urania comes, the Goddess of our Isle,
Urania, that makes every Creature Smile;
 All they were born for, and can wish for here,
 Is but to bless her, and be blest by Her.
 Ten thousand *Cupids* guard her as she rides,
 And of her golden Bark surround the sides;
 Whilst

Whilst Others fly aloft with Songs, and strow
 Such Flow'rs as on the Beds of *Eden* grow;
 For want of Winds, with Wings supply soft Gales,
 And with gay Plumes deck all her Virgin Sails:
 Ye frightful Storms retreat into your Cave,
 Nor leave the Ocean wrinkl'd with a Wave;
 There, whilst she Sails, intomb'd in hollow Earth,
 Lie-fetter'd close, and groan for want of Birth;
 And Heav'n and Seas strive to be most serene,
 The Azure Blew, with the smooth glassy Green.
 You Sea-Gods and you Nymphs prepare to try
 Your skils, and with a Mask delight her Eye.
 First, let the Sun send forth such kindly Heats,
 As Winter's shine, or Summer when it sets;
 No Icy, Cloudy, nor no foultry Day,
 But all like Morning, and those Mornings *May*:
 Then gentle *Zephyr* unlock all thy store,
 And send soft Breezes from the Western Shore;
 Such as *Arabia Fælix* has refin'd
 With Trees of Spice fanning the precious Wind;
 But just so much as she in State may glide;
 And safe in her *Neptunian* Chariot ride:
 Then thou Green God shalt wait on her above,
 As on *Jove's* Daughter, and the Queen of Love.
 Let thy shrill Trumpeters, the *Tritons*, blow,
 And summon all the Watry Pow'rs below;
 The *Nayades*, and *Nereid's* to appear,
 Let all the Subjects of the Flood draw near:
 Fair *Cytheræa* and her Waiters Call,
 And your Sea Nymphs, to deck this Ocean's Ball;
 Then let the lovely Mermaids come in Place,
 Each Mermaid that so doats upon her Face;
 Till they shall see how far above their own
Urania's is, and throw their Glasses down. The

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The leffer Fry in Shoals before shall run,
Like Clouds of Insects gather'd by the Sun;
And nimble Dolphins wantonly shall play,
And hunt the Plain, like Spanniels in her Way.
Next, let the great *Leviathans* resort,
And not forget to make the Princess's Sport;
But at a harmless distance head the Train,
And from their mighty Engines spout forth **Rain**.
Thus in such awful Manner let it be,
That wond'ring Angels may look down to see, }
And make the Show more full of Majesty.
Thou *Nereus*, do this mighty Task with Care;
As much as was in *Noah's Ark*, is here:
For since that Patriarch, when the World was drown'd,
The like was never in one Vessel found.
Her little Yatch and Squadron, as they ride,
Swell to a Fleet and Admiral, with Pride,
Lift up their Flags, like *Piramids*, on high,
And with their Rain-bow Colours brave the Sky:
Th' *Aegyptian* Gallies were not half so proud,
When *Cleopatra* was o're *Nilus* row'd.
Thus gentle *Neptune* guard her o're your Sea,
From faithless *Albion* to glad *Albany*;
Commit her safely to the longing Shore,
To her first Father's, ancient *Fergu's* Tower,
There, as in Heav'n, her Wishes to obtain,
Till she return, and thou art blest again.

F I N I S.